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TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND
SYMPATHISE WITH ALL.

CONVERSATION OF SWIFT AND POPE.

I PROCEED to give my cousin Apsley's account of his second dinner at Twickenham, where he had the happiness of meeting Swift:—

July 15, 1727.

At length the *dies optanda* came. Shall I confess my weakness? I could do nothing all the morning but walk about, now reading something of the Dean's or Mr Pope's, and now trying to think of some smart things to say at dinner! I did not say one of them. Yes, I made an observation on Sannazarus, which was well received. I must not forget the boatman who took me across the water from Sutton. "Young gentleman," says he, "if I may make so bold, I will tell you a piece of my mind."—"Well, pray do."—"Why, I am thinking you're going to see your sweetheart, or else the great poet yonder, Mr Pope."—"Why so?" said I, laughing.—"Why," said he, "your eyes are all in a sparkle, and you seem, in a wounding hurry." I told him he had guessed it. He is in the habit of taking visitors over; great lords, he said, and grand ladies from court; and very merry, too, for all that." He mentioned Dr Swift, Mr Gay, and others. Upon asking if Dr Swift was not one of the great writers, "Ay, ay," said he, "let him alone, I warrant him: he's a strange gentleman." The boatman told me, that one day the Dean, "as they called him," quarrelled with him about a half-penny. His Reverence made him tack about for some whimsey or other, and then would not pay him his due, because he did not tell him what the fare was the moment he asked. "So his Deanship left a cloak in the boat, and I took it up to him to Mr Pope's house, and he came out and said—'Well, sirrah, there's some use in frightening you sneaking rascals, for you bring us back our goods.' So I thought it very strange; and says I, 'Your Reverence thinks I was frightened, eh?'—'Yes,' says he, as sharp as a needle, 'haven't you done an honest action?' So I was thrown all of a heap to hear him talk in such a way; and as I didn't well know what he meant, I grew redder and redder like, for want of gift of the gab. So, says I at last, 'Well, if your Reverence, or Deanship, or what you please to be called, thinks as how I was frightened, all that I says is this: d——n me, (saving your Reverence's presence) if Tom Harden is a man to be frightened about a halfpenny, like some folks that shall be nameless.'—'Oh, ho!' says Mr Dean, looking scared, like an owl in an ivy-bush, 'Tom Harden is a mighty pretty fellow, and must not be flouted; and so he won't row me again, I suppose, for all he has got a wife and a parcel of brats.' How he came to know that, I can't say. 'No, no,' says I, 'I'm not so much of a pretty fellow as that comes to, if that's what they mean by a pretty fellow. It's not my business to be picking and choosing my fares, so that I gets my due; but I was right about the half-penny for all that, and if your Reverence wants to go a swan-hopping another time, you knows what's to pay.' So the Dean fell a laughing like mad, and

then looked very grave, and said, 'Here, you Mr John Searle, (for that's Mr Pope's man's name,) here, make Mr Thomas Harden acquainted with the taste of your beer; and do you, Mr Thomas, take back the cloak, and let it stay another time in the boat till I want to return; and, moreover, Thomas, keep the cloak always for me to go home o' nights in, and I will make it worth your while, and leave it you when I am dead, provided it's worn out enough (I shall never forget all the odd things he said, for I talked 'em over with Mr Searle): and, harkee, Mr Thomas Harden,' says he, 'remember,' says he, 'and never forget it, that you love your wife and children better than your pride, and your pride,' says he, 'better than a paltry dean; and those are two nice things to manage together.'—And the Dean has been as good as his word, young gentleman, and I keep his cloak; and he came to my cottage yonder one day, and told my wife she was the prettiest creature of a plain woman that he ever saw, (did you ever hear the like o' that?) and he calls her Panope, and always asks how she does. I don't know why he calls her Panope, mayhap because her pots and pans were so bright; for you'd ha' thought they'd been silver, from the way he stared at them."

Having heard of the Dean's punctuality, I was afraid I should be too late for my good behaviour; but Mr Thomas re-assured me, by saying that he had carried his Reverence across three hours before from Richmond, with Madam Blount. "He is in a mighty good humour," said he, "and will make you believe anything he likes, if you don't have a care."

I was in very good time, but found the whole party assembled, with the exception of Mrs Pope. It was the same as before, with the addition of the Doctor. He is shorter and stouter than I had fancied him, with a face in which there is little remarkable at first sight, but the blueness of the eyes. The boatman, however, had not prepared me for the extreme easiness and good-breeding of his manners. I had made a shallow conclusion; I expected something perpetually fluctuating between broad mirth and a repelling self-resumption. Nothing could be more unlike what I found. His mirth afterwards was at times broad enough, and the ardour and freedom of his spirit very evident; but he has an exquisite mode throughout, of maintaining the respect of his hearers. Whether he is so always, I cannot say. But I guess, that he can make himself equally beloved where he pleases, and feared where he does not. It must be owned, that his mimicry (for he does not disdain even that sometimes) would not be so well in the presence of foolish people. I suppose he is cautious of treating them with it. Upon the whole, partly owing to his manners, and partly to Mr Pope's previous encouragement of me (which is sufficient to set up a man for anything), I felt a great deal more at my ease than I expected, and was prepared for a day as good as the last. One of the great arts, I perceive, of these wits, if it be not rather to be called one of the best tendencies of their nature, (I am loth to bring my modesty into question by saying what I think of it,) is to set you at your ease, and

* Probably from a strange line in Spenser, where he describes the bower of Proteus:—

"There was his wonne; ne living wight was seene,
Save one old nymph, hight Panope, to keep it cleane."
Fairy Queen, Book 3.

being so fond of him, when he chooses to be pleased. Mr Walscott, whose manners are simple and sturdy, could not conceal a certain uneasiness of admiration; and though a great deal more at home than I had looked to be, I partook of the same feeling. With Mr Pope all is kindness on one part, and plaudit homage on the other. Doctor Swift keeps one upon the alert, like a field-officer. Yet externally he is as gentle, for the most part, as his great friend.

The dinner seemed to be still more neat and perfect than the last, though I believe there were no more dishes. But the cookery had a more consummate propriety. The Dean's influence, I suppose, pierces into the kitchen. I could not help fancying that the dishes were sensible of it, and submitted their respective relishes with anxiety. The talk, as usual, began upon eating.

Mr Pope. I verily believe, that when people eat and drink too much, if it is not in the ardour of good company, they do it not so much for the sake of eating, as for the want of something better to do.

Dr Swift. That is as true a thing as you ever said. When I was very solitary in Ireland, I used to eat and drink twice as much as at any other time. Dinner was a great relief. It cut the day in two.

Mr Pope. I have often noticed, that if I am alone, and take up a book at dinner-time, and get concerned in it, I do not care to eat any more. What I took for an unsatisfied hunger, leaves me—is no more thought of.

Dr Swift. People mean as much, when they say, that such and such a thing is meat and drink to them. By the same rule, meat and drink is one's book. At Laracor, an omelet was Quintus Curtius to me, and the beef, being an epic dish, Mr Pope's Homer.

Mr Walscott. You should have dressed it yourself, Mr Dean, to have made it as epic as that.

Dr Swift. Faith! I was no hero, and could not afford the condescension. A poor vicar must have a servant to comfort his pride, and keep him in heart and starvation.

Mr Walscott. If people eat and drink for want of something better to do, there is no fear that men of genius will die of surfeiting. They must have their thoughts to amuse them, if nothing else.

The Dean.—(with vivacity.) Their thoughts! Their fingers' ends, to bite till the blood come.—That, Mr Walscott, depends on the state of the health. I was once returning to dinner at Laracor, when I saw a grave little shabby-looking fellow sitting on a stile; I asked him what he did idling there. He answered, very philosophically, that he was the merry Andrew lately arrived, and that, with my leave, he would drink my health, in a little more fresh air, for want of a better draught. I told him I was a sort of a merry Andrew myself, and invited him to dinner. The poor man became very humble and thankful, and turned out a mighty sensible fellow; so I got him a place with an undertaker, and he is now merry in good earnest. I put some pretty thoughts in his head, before he left me. A cousin of mine sent them me from Lisbon, in certain long-necked bottles, corked and sealed up. My Lord Peterborough has a cellar full of very pretty thoughts. God grant we all keep our health! and then, young gentleman, (looking very seriously at me, for I believe he thought my countenance expressed a little surprise)—and then we shall turn our thoughts to advantage for ourselves and for others.

Mr Pope. If there's any gentleman who could do without his wine, I think it must be my lord. When I was a young woman, I fancied that all great generals were all tall stately persons, with one arm a-kimbo, and a truncheon held out in the other; and I thought they all spoke grand, and like a book.

Dr Swift. Madam, that was Mr Pope's poetry, struggling to be born before its time.

Mr Pope. I protest, when I first had the honour of knowing my Lord Peterborough, he almost frightened me with his spirits. I believe he saw it; for all of a sudden he became the finest, softest-spoken gentleman that I ever met with; and I fell in love with him.

Mrs Blount. Oh, Madam, I shall tell! and we'll all dance at my lady's wedding.

I do not know which was the handsomer sight; the little blush that came over the good lady's cheek, as she ended her speech, or the affectionate pleasantness with which her son regarded her.

Mr Pope. You did not fall in love with Lord Peterborough because he is such a fine-spoken gentleman, but because he is a fine gentleman and a mad-cap besides. I know the tastes of you ladies of the civil wars.

The Dean. 'Tis a delicious rogue! (and then, as if he had spoken too freely before strangers,) 'tis a great and rare spirit! If all the world resembled Lord Peterborough, they might do without sciences. I know no fault in him, but that he is too fond of fiddlers and singers.

Mr Pope. Here is Mr Honeycomb, who will venture to dispute with you on that point.

I said Mr Pope paid me too great a compliment. I might venture to differ with Doctor Swift, but hardly to dispute.

Dr Swift. Oh, Mr Honeycomb, you are too modest, and I must pull down your pride. You have heard of little Will Harrison, poor lad, who wrote the 'Medicine for the Ladies,' in the 'Tatler.' Well, he promised to be one of your great wits, and was very much of a gentleman; and so he took to wearing thin waistcoats, and died of a birth-day suit. Now, thin waistcoats and soft sounds are both of 'em bad habits, and encourage a young man to keep late hours, and get his death o' cold.

I asked whether he could not admit a little "higher argument" in the musician than the tailor. Shakespeare says of a flute, that it "discoursed excellent music;" as if it had almost been a rational creature.

Dr Swift. A rational fiddlestick! It is not Shakespeare that says it, but Hamlet, who was out of his wits. Yes, I have heard a flute discourse. Let me see—I have heard a whole room full of 'em discourse. (And then he played off an admirable piece of mimicry, which ought to have been witnessed, to do it justice.) Let me see—let me see. The flute made the following excellent remarks—*Tootle, tootle, tootle, tootle, tootle, tootle, tee,*—and then again, what I thought a new observation—*Tootle, tootle, tootle, with my reedle, tootle, ree.* Upon which the violin observed, in a very sprightly manner, *Niddle, niddle, niddle, niddle, niddle, niddle, nee, with my ace, with my long nee;* which the bass-viol, in his gruff but sensible way, acknowledged to be as witty a thing as he had ever heard. This was followed by a general discourse, in which the violin took the lead, all the rest questioning and reasoning with one another, as hard as they could drive, to the admiration of the beholders, who were never tired of listening. They must have carried away a world of thoughts. For my part, my despatch came upon me. I never so much lamented it. There was a long story told by a hoboy, which was considered so admirable, that the whole band fell into a transport of scratching and tootling. I observed the flute's mouth water, probably at some remarks on green peas, which had just come in season. It might have been guessed, by the gravity of the hearers, that the conversation chiefly ran upon the new king and queen; but I believe it was upon periwigs; for turning to that puppy Rawlinson, and asking what he concluded from all that, he had the face to tell me, that it gave him "a heavenly satisfaction."

We laughed heartily at this silly against music.—Dr Swift was very learned on the dessert. He said he owed his *fructification* to Sir William Temple. I observed that it was delightful to see so great a man as Sir William Temple so happy as he appears to have been. The *otium cum dignitate* is surely nowhere to be found, if not as he has painted it in his works.

Dr Swift. The *otium cum digging potatoes* is better. I could show you a dozen Irishmen (which is a great many for thriving ones,) who have the advantage of him. Sir William was a great, but not a happy man. He had an ill stomach. What is worse, he gave me one. He taught me to eat platefulls of cherries and peaches when I took no exercise.

A. H. What can one trust to, if the air of tranquility in his writings is not to be depended on?

Mr Pope. I believe he talks too much of his ease, to be considered very easy. It is an ill-head that takes so much concern about its pillow.

Dr Swift. Sir William Temple was a martyr to the "good sense" that came up in those days. He had sick blood, that required stirring; but because it was a high strain of good sense to agree with Epicurus and be of no religion, it was thought the highest possible strain, in any body who should go so far, to live in a garden as Epicurus did, and lie quiet, and be a philosopher. So Epicurus got a great stone in his kidneys; and Sir William used to be out of temper, if his oranges got smutted.

I thought there was a little spleen in this account of Temple, which surprised me, "considering old times. But if it be true that the giddiness, and even deafness, to which the Dean is subject, be owing to the philosopher's bad example, one can hardly wonder at its making him melancholy. He sat amidst a heap of fruit without touching it.

Mr Pope. Sir William, in his 'Essay on Gardening,' says, he does not know how it is, that Lucretius's account of the gods is thought more impious than Homer's, who makes them as full of bustle and bad passions as the meanest of us. Now it is very clear: for the reason is, that Homer's gods have something in common with us, and are subject to our troubles and concerns; whereas Lucretius's live like a parcel of *bon-vivants* by themselves, and care for nobody.

The Dean. There are two admirable good things in that essay. One is an old usurer's, who said, "that no man could have peace of conscience, that run out of his estate." The other is a Spanish proverb; that "a fool knows more in his own house, than a wise man in another's."

The conversation turning upon our discussion last time respecting anglers, the Dean said he once asked a scrub who was fishing, if he ever caught the fish called the scream. The man protested he had never heard of such a fish. "What!" says the Doctor, "you an angler, and never heard of the fish that gives a shriek when coming out of the water? It is true it is not often found in these parts; but ask any Crim Tartar, and he will tell you of it. 'Tis the only fish that has a voice; and a sad dismal sound it is." The man asked, who could be so barbarous as to angle for a creature that shrieked?—"That," says the Doctor, "is another matter: but what do you think of fellows that I have seen, whose only reason for hooking and tearing all the fish they can get at, is that they do *not* scream?" I shouted this out in his ear, and he almost shuffled himself into the river.

Mr Walscott. Surely, Mr Dean, this argument would strike the dullest.

Dr Swift. Yes, if you could turn it into a box on the ear. Not else. They would fain give you one meantime, if they had the courage; for men have such a horror of the very notion of doing wrong, that they would rather do it, than be told of it. You know Mr Wilcox of Hertfordshire (to Mr Pope); I once convinced him he did an inhuman thing to angle; at least, I must have gone very near convincing him; for he cut short the dispute, by referring me to his friends for a good character. It gives me the spleen to see an honest man make such an owl of himself.

Mr Pope. And all anglers perhaps, as he was?

Dr Swift. Very likely, 'faith. A parcel of sneaking, scoundrelly understandings get some honest man to do as they do, and then, forsooth, must disown him with the testimony of their good opinion. No; it requires a very rare benevolence, or as great an understanding, to see beyond even such a paltry thing as this angling, in angling times; about as much as it would take a good honest-hearted cannibal to see further than man-eating, or a goldsmith beyond his money. What! isn't Tow-wo a good husband and jaw-breaker; and must he not stand upon reputation?

Mr Walscott. It is common to hear people

among the lower orders talk of "the poor dumb animal" when they desire to rescue a cat or dog from ill-treatment.

THE DEAN. Yes; and the cat is not dumb; nor the dog either. A horse is dumb; a fish is dumber; and I suppose this is the reason why the horse is the worst used of any creature, except trout and grayling. Come: this is melancholy talk. **Mrs PATTY,** why didn't you smoke the bull?

MRS BLOUNT. Smoke the bull, Sir?

DR SWIFT. Yes; I have just made a bull. I said horses were dumb, and fish dumber.

MRS POPE. Pray, Mr Dean, why do they call those kind of mistakes bulls?

DR SWIFT. Why, madam, I cannot tell; but I can tell you the prettiest bull that ever was made. An Irishman laid a wager with another, a bricklayer, that he could not carry him to the top of a building, in his hod. The fellow took him up, and, at the risk of both their necks, landed him safely. "Well," cried the other, "you have done it; there's no denying that; but at the fourth story I had hopes."

MR POPE. Doctor, I believe you take the word *smoke* to be a modern cant phrase. I found it, when I was translating Homer, in old Chapman. He says, that Juno smoked Ulysses through his disguise.

Mention was made of the strange version of Hobbes.—**MR POPE.** You recollect, Mr Honeycomb, the passage in the first book of Homer, where Apollo comes down to destroy the Greeks, and how his quiver sounded as he came?

"Yes, Sir," said I, "very well;" and I quoted from his translation:—

"Fierce as he moved, the silver shafts resound."

MR POPE. I was speaking of the original; but that line will do very well to contrast with Hobbes. What think you of

"His arrows chink as often as he jogs!"

Mr Pope mentioned another passage just as ridiculous. I forgot something of the first line, and a word in the second. Speaking of Jupiter,—

"With that—his great black brow he nodded
Wherewith (astonish'd) were the powers divine:
Olympus shook at shaking of his God-head;
And Thetis from it jump'd into the brine."

MR POPE. Dryden good-naturedly says of Hobbes, that he took to poetry when he was too old.

DEAN SWIFT (with an arch look). Perhaps had he begun at forty, as Dryden did, he would have been as great as my young master.

Mr Walscott could not help laughing to hear Dryden, and at forty, called "my young master." However, he was going to say something, but desisted. I wish I could recollect many more things that were said, so as to do them justice. Altogether, the day was not quite so pleasant as the former one. With Mr Pope, one is both tranquil and delighted. Dr Swift somehow makes me restless. I could hear him talk all day long, but should like to be walking half the time, instead of sitting. Besides, he did not appear quite easy himself, notwithstanding what the boatman said; and he looked ill. I am told he is very anxious about the health of a friend in Ireland.

CURIOS CRITICAL EVIDENCE.

Geraldus Cambrensis adduces a very comical proof of Geoffrey of Monmouth's want of veracity. "There was, it seems, in the neighbourhood of Chester, a man of the name of Milerius, who, in consequence of having had an intrigue with a young lady on the eve of Palm-Sunday, was, ever after, more or less tormented by devils. Though perfectly illiterate, he could distinguish the true from the false passages in books; because the former drove away, while the latter collected round him, crowds of evil spirits. When Geoffrey's Chronicle was put into his lap, "Non solum corpori ipsius toti, sed etiam libro superposito, longe solito cebrius et tardiosus insiderat." *It. Camb. lib. I. c. 5.* [Not only about his body, but also on the book he held, they sat for a long while, thicker and heavier than usual].—Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. LXXXVI.—A MODERN AMAZON.

It was in the year 1638, says the Abbé Arnault, in his very amusing *Memoirs*, that I had the honour to become acquainted with that *Amazon* of our times, Madame de Saint Balmont, whose life was a prodigy of courage and of virtue, uniting in her person all the valour of a determined soldier, and all the modesty of a truly Christian woman. She was of a very good family of Lorraine, and was born with a disposition worthy of her birth. The beauty of her face corresponded to that of her mind, but her shape by no means agreed with these, being small and rather clumsy. Providence, who had destined her for a life more laborious than that which females in general lead, had formed her more robust and more able to bear bodily fatigue. It had inspired her with so great a contempt for beauty, that when she had the small-pox she was as pleased to be marked with it as other women are afflicted on a similar occasion, and said that it would enable her to be more like a man. She was married to the Count de Saint Balmont, who was not inferior to her either in birth or in merit. They lived together very happily till the troubles that arose in Lorraine obliged them to separate. The Count was constantly employed by the Duke, his sovereign, in a manner suitable to his rank and disposition, except when he once gave him the command of a poor feeble fortress, in which he had the assurance to resist the arms of Louis XIV for several days together, at the risk of being treated with the extremest severity of military law, which announces the most infamous and degrading punishment against all those officers who hold out without any prospect of success. M. de Saint Balmont went indeed farther, and added insolence to rashness; for, at every shot of cannon that was fired at the fortress, he appeared at the windows, attended by some fiddlers, who played by his side. This madness (for one cannot call it by a more gentle name) had nearly cost him very dear; for when he was taken, it was agitated in the Council of War, composed of the officers whom he had treated with this insolence, whether he should not be hung up immediately; but regard was paid to his birth, and perhaps to his courage, however indiscreet. Madame de Saint Balmont remained upon his estates to take care of them. Hitherto she had only exerted her soldier-like disposition in hunting and shooting (which is a kind of war), but very soon an opportunity presented itself of realising it, and it was this:—An officer in our cavalry had taken up his quarters upon one of her husband's estates, and was living there at discretion. Madame de Saint Balmont sent him a very civil letter of complaint on his ill-behaviour, which he treated with great contempt. Piqued at this, she was resolved that he should give her satisfaction, and merely consulting her resentment, she wrote to him a note, signed Le Chevalier de Saint Balmont. In this note she observed to him, that the ungentlemanlike manner in which he had behaved to his sister-in-law, obliged him to resent it, and demanded that he would give him with his sword that satisfaction which his letter had refused. The officer accepted the challenge, and repaired to the place appointed. Madame de Saint Balmont met him, dressed in men's clothes. They immediately drew their swords, and our heroine had the advantage of him; when, after having disarmed him, she said, with a very gracious smile, "You thought, Sir, I make no doubt, that you were fighting with Le Chevalier de Saint Balmont; it is, however, Madame de Saint Balmont of that name who returns you your sword, and begs you in future to pay more regard to the requests of the ladies." She then left him, covered with shame and confusion; and, as the story goes, he immediately absented himself, and no one ever saw him afterwards. But be that as it may, this incident serving merely to inflame the courage of the fair challenger, she did not rest satisfied with merely preserving her estates by repelling force by force, but she afforded protection to many of the gentlemen in her neighbourhood, who made no scruple to take refuge in the village, and put themselves under her orders when she took the field, which she always did with success, her designs being executed with a prudence equal to her courage. I have often, says the Abbé, been in company with this extraordinary personage, at the house of Madame de Fenquieres, wife to the celebrated Marshal of that name, at Verdun; and it was quite ridiculous to see how embarrassed she appeared in her female dress, and (after she had quitted it in the town) with what ease and spirit she got on horseback, and attended the ladies that were of her party, and whom she had left in her carriage, in their little excursions into the country.

The manner of living, however, of Madame de Saint Balmont, so far removed from that of her sex, and which in all other females who have attempted it has ever been found united with libertinism of manners, was in her accompanied with nothing that bore the least resemblance to it. When she was at home in time of peace, her whole day was employed in the offices of religion; in prayers, in reading the Bible and books of devotion, in visiting the poor of her parish, whom she was ever assisting with the most active zeal of charity. This manner of living procured her the admiration and esteem of persons

of all descriptions in her neighbourhood, and insured her a degree of respect that could not have been greater towards a queen.

THOUGHTS ON LANGUAGE.

BY EGERTON WEBB.

No. IX.

Almost all the irregularities of orthography, it seldom happens that a word contains any letters of which it can be truly said that they have no business there. However much changed and perverted through length of service, they have once supported their proper character; though dumb now, they have spoken; though sinecurists, they have done duty. I remember I used to have so strong a conviction to this effect, that I would have proposed as a canon, in the manner of the logicians, "Nihil in scripto quod non prius in ore"—that nothing was received in writing which had not pre-existed in pronunciation. It is indeed quite true, that inasmuch as speech is swifter than writing, the corruptions of speech will precede the corruptions of orthography;—we commit the sin first, and then we record it. But then this canon would only hold true of a state of literature that was under the regulation of something like uniform practice; whereas, as regards our own language, it is not two centuries ago, since for all that concerned the art of spelling each man was his own lawgiver; and it must be remembered that it is on the contradictions thus engendered, that our present system of orthography, if it can be called a system, is built. There would, moreover, still remain for exceptions, cases where a letter of foreign sound was to be represented by means necessarily defective—where some analogy in the derivation obtained a concession or a compromise—where changes in proper names where made through caprice, or for distinction—and many others that may be imagined. Therefore, though good in principle, the rule is not worth much.

I have enumerated four principal kinds of change to which words are liable—addition, omission, substitution, and transposition of letters. All words were originally monosyllables: these were gradually extended, as greater variety of signification was required; and as such extension could be made either at the beginning or the end of words, letters and syllables were prefixed or subjoined according to pleasure, till custom gave determination and method. *Addition of letters*, therefore, was one of the earliest changes which words could undergo. Thus—no doubt with progressive shades of meaning, in a great measure lost to us,—*w* spreads itself in this manner, *sw*, *siw*, *sibw*, *λειβω*; *so*, *aw*, *alw*, *alλω*, *αλλω*, *αλλα*, *Fw*, *αλλαγω*, *αλλασσω*; and so have all our longest words, like proud lords with their trains, come originally of some humble and unpretending monosyllable—some naked *Adam* of a word.† *Omission of letters* must have been a much later expedient (as we put out money after the acquisition of wealth), and could not have commenced till addition had done its utmost. In this process, the vowels are generally the first to give way, being the weaker party; and each is likely to be followed by its particular consonant, if not to the sight, at least to the ear. Thus

* For much excellent argumentation on these derivations, and great general philological acuteness, see the "Commentary of Thomas Burgess on Dawes's *Miscellanea*." Oxon: 1781.—A work rich in suggestions.

+ The subject of verbal prefixes is very curious. All languages appear to agree in this mode of extending significations,—e. g. *τερπω*, *τερπων*, *στρεψω*, *tingo*, *stingo*, *stringo*; *lash*, *plash*, *splash*; all these in their origin seeming to be simple augmentations of one meaning. Amongst ourselves, many of those words beginning with double consonants, whereof the first is a B, are formed from the prefix *be*, which is seen still unabbreviated in *bemire*, *bedaub*, *bepraise*, &c. It is said extravagantly of those that support their own views without sufficient regard to truth, that they "swear black white." Whether etymologists do this figuratively or not, I won't say—they do it literally: for thus will they explain *black* to you:—*Be-black*, that is, with *lack* of colour,—of no colour—*black*. On the other hand, *bleach* (to whiten) is also *be-black*, that is, with *lack* of colour,—of no colour—*white*! So that to "swear black white" is, in fact, a very philological proceeding, and full of propriety—for, behold! the two are synonymous!

Greek παλμη becomes Latin *palma*, French *palme*, English *palm*,—pronounced *pa'm*. I might give here many astonishing examples of syncope, and the other sorts of elision, very interesting to the curious reader; but I shall content myself with mentioning the word *alm*. This is like a squashed egg, with all the body thrust out, and nothing but the shell left. It is contracted to this one syllable from the following six—*e*, *le*, *e*, *mo*, *sy*, *na*—a Greek word signifying *compassion*, and looks like an evasion of the libel act, —*Al**m**s****,—as we should insinuate *T*mh*ns!* In this word we see the elision of seven sounds out of ten—for even of the few remaining letters one is mute. The substitution of letters may have partly arisen from expediency, and partly from accident; expediency, as giving new forms,—accident, inasmuch as what would be easy for one mouth would be hard for another, and all mouths would be sure to accommodate themselves at a time when custom had no terrors. We often meet with individuals who experience a difficulty in pronouncing a particular vowel or consonant, and some who habitually substitute one for another, as *r* for *l*. We also find peculiarities of this kind—and they concern the organic formation—running in families. And nations once were families. How then can we wonder that similar peculiarities should have characterized the tongues of nations? Shem and Japhet may have spoken alike; yet I fancy one of them may have had a little corner in his mouth that was destined to enlarge itself in his offspring into a Doric capacity, while the sons of his brother went mincing. Examples have already been given of this species of change, called by the grammarians (with not much propriety) *antithesis*, as also of the *transposition of letters*, which they call *metathesis*. But in considering any of these much discrimination is necessary, as they are liable to be confounded. Thus—*re* from *σφωι* is not to be represented as a case of *metathesis*, though the correspondence of the letters would seem to imply it, *φ* being first exchanged for *v*—*σφωι*, *σφω*, *vos*; for if the *s* final in *vos* were of necessity to be brought from the Greek, where shall we get the *s* in *nos*, which in the same manner comes from *νωι*, this having no *s* at least? This case, then, is not one of *metathesis*, but a joint case of elision and addition of letters, the *σ* being first dropped (thus *σφωι*, *σφω*, *'φω*, *'vo*), and then an *s*,—not that *s*, but another, itself a contraction of *es*,—being added to the word, as the signature of the plural number in Latin (*voes*, *vo's*, *vos*). So likewise—*νωι*, *νω*, *noes*, *no's*, *nos*. It is a similar mistake to represent *rage* (the French word) from *rabies*, as a case of *antithesis*, or a substitution of *g* for *b*. It is a case of *syncope* merely; the *b* elided gives *ra'yes*, pronounced as a diphthong *ra'yes*; hence *raye*, *raje*, miswritten *rage*. The transition from the sound of *y* to that of *j* seems of universal facility, and is one of the commonest of all the changes that take place. In this way our little word *jot* appears to be a contraction of *iota* (*ιωτα*)—*iota*, *iot*, *iot*, *jot*. We use both words in the same sense—"he would not part with an iota"—"not a jot"; this signification coming from the minuteness of the letter when written under other vowels. That this vowel had, when prefixed to another, the power of a consonant, like our *y*, we have the decisive testimony of Terentianus Maurus, who says:—

"ΟΤΟΣ ΙΩΤΑ ΓΡΑΦΕΙ—versus si principium sit,
Pis erit primus trocheus, sed facit spondeon hunc,
Prima vocalis notari ιωτα qua Graium incipit;"

—that if these words began a verse, although the first be a trochee, it would become a spondee by position, because of the first vowel of the following word—*iota*. This shows, too, that the word itself (*litera nomen ipsum*, as he says, indeed, a few lines before) was pronounced *iota*, a dissyllable,—“consonans prior locata quia fit” (the first vowel, by its position, becoming a *consonant*). Nothing can be more satisfactory than this. It is an attestation to make a philologist go to bed happy.*

*The names we give to the different Greek vowels are not exactly those by which the ancients called them. *Alpha*, *Eta*, and *Iota*, are the same; but the ancients did

Of the three principal influencing causes in the modification of words, which I have mentioned,—viz. facility of utterance, euphony, analogy,—the first is that which may be supposed to have come earliest into operation; the second bespeaks some necessary refinement; the last implies an accumulation of the materials of speech. Both the latter, therefore, concern a riper age; the former is mixed up with the very foundations of language. Simple vowel sounds are easier than diphthongs, diphthongs than consonants, liquid consonants than mutes, labials than palatals, palatals than gutturals, single than double letters; and in some such order as this—the order of their facility.—I imagine all the vowels and consonants to have originally entered into our service. This principle of facility is at all times an active principle, and the only difference in the amount of its activity is, that it governs *established* languages, subject itself to the control of usage—which, as it was in the time of Horace, so now is the great paramount lord and sovereign; for it is only by usage that languages become established, and it is only by obeying usage that they can remain so. Usage, however, is rather to be spoken of as an effect than as a cause. It is the *rex lex loquens* of language, a king—but constitutional, and subject to alteration; it is the embodied presence of all the results of those influencing principles which have been mentioned, and which, though obedient themselves to its authority in the gross, are yet continually modifying it in the detail,—as those whose privilege it is to make *laws* are not less amenable to *the law*. The principle of facility explains many little irregularities in the formation of words and parts of words: thus the Greeks, in the augment of the perfect tense, would not clothe their tongues with the repetition of a dense or a double consonant, but for φι φιννα (verb φαινει) said ποφιννα, or, doubling the letter, they reversed the order, so as to run the two together, instead of φιφιννα saying φιφιννα—manifestly violating analogy for the sake of ease. In short, it explains almost all those corruptions, or deviations from standard, which the language of every nation exhibits, and more especially in its provincial dialects, where greater freedom and less learning leave propriety in a great measure at the mercy of convenience.

Euphony is a sort of facility too—at least nothing is euphonious that is not facile; but it is the difference between a convenience and a luxury that we have to observe here,—the difference between facility for the purposes of dispatch, and facility for the purposes of pleasure. In a rude age, perhaps words would undergo not fewer modifications and adjustments say *Epsilon*, *Omicron*, *Upsilon*, nor *Omega*, but simply *Ei*, *Ou*, *U*, *O*; as may be seen from the following fragment of Callias (*epid Athen.*); which seems to be a dialogue on the letters—a sort of alphabetical lesson in question and answer.

- A. Αλφα περνω το γυναικες! Ει το διπτερος μονος χρη λεγειν τριτου δε μονος ει χρη λεγειν, αλλα Ητεγιας.
- B. Αλφα φιννα και το τετραγονον αυ μονον;
- A. Ουκ ιωτα γηι.
- B. Τι δε το πιμπτον;
- A. Πιμπτον; Ου. το διπτον Τ μονον λεγειν.
- Λοισθιον Ω των επτα φιννα, επτα διη μιτρος μονον.

A.—*Alpha*, O ladies, is first; for the second, you must say simply *Ei*; the third, however, is not to be named simply, but you will be pleased to say *Eta*.

B.—And shall I then likewise name the fourth simply?

A.—No; but you must say *Iota*.

B.—And with respect to the fifth?

A.—The fifth? *Ou*. For the sixth, say simply *U*. *O* is the last of the seven vowels,—which, however, are seven only in the eye of prosody.

Perhaps *μονον* in the last line should refer to Ω, with the same signification as in the other places, and ιωτα διη μιτρος be treated as a parenthesis. There is an awkwardness, at least, in the word coming over again, for the last time, with a new application. The meaning in this concluding sentence seems to be that the seven vowels were not all of them distinct from one another in sound, but only in their metrical value; as the two *O*'s, for example, and the two *E*'s, which were anciently one (the characters *ω* and *ε* being of subsequent introduction), were merely two forms of one vowel, differing in length.

ments than in an age of dictionaries and criticism; but the process would be instinctive, and unconsciously performed;—but euphony is the creature of refinement, a conscious epicure, that loves his task, and weighs us our vowels and diphthongs till he finds their true proportion. Of euphony, as a part of rhetoric, I am hereafter to speak. As a moving principle influencing the formation of language, it is mostly seen in the adaptation of the prefixes and suffixes of words, the assimilation of consonants newly joined—as where a guttural is exchanged for a labial, because a labial follows, a labial for a lingual, &c.,—the devising of compound words, where in the Greek language is superior to all others, English (I imagine) holding the second place, (unless any one shall be of opinion that German word-unions are euphonious as well as expressive) and, finally, in the joining and cementing of the different parts of a sentence, to give unity and smoothness—an excellence of which our language knows little, the Italian much, the French more than enough. But for euphony generally—in all the respects in which it can modify human speech, the Italian stands out as an example far above all others, modern or ancient; music is its presiding spirit, and every other claim gives way.

Analogy, as a principle in language, is that natural spirit of imitation which enters into all the actions of man—the actions of the mind not excepted. This is that species of imitation which was noticed before; it is the love of conformity—of uniformity—what the phonologists call “order”—in short, it is the love of our own convenience, of saving our time and relieving ourselves of trouble; it is the spirit which animates the frugal housewife, whose domestic analogies—or, as she is pleased to call them herself, her “arrangements”—enable her to boast that she can “put her hand on anything.” Analogy is the ordering and arranging of the materials of language with such economy as may enable us to find in its proper place whatever we seek. This is its tendency and its merit, but it never can achieve any such end, because the household that it would undertake to govern is incorrigible.

But if analogy has its virtues, which indeed are great, it has also its faults. Not content with bringing together and assimilating those things which are really homogeneous, it sometimes forces into an absurd partnership others which have no natural connection. It frequently happens in this matter that the ear, or the mind, is misled *specie recti*; things are confounded. Now this disorder is twofold. First:—we gradually wear a word into the resemblance of another, if that other is associated with it in our minds by some mutual property in meaning. Secondly:—we gradually contract new shades of meaning in the use of a word, approximating it to another, if that other is associated with it by some mutual property in sound.* Unfortunately, for the want of some books, I am not just now able to illus-

* As a random illustration, take the word *bumper*. This word receives a sensible addition to its expressiveness from its apparent relation with *bump* and *bumping*, giving the idea of fulness—as if to say that which *bumps* out, that which is over and above measure; but the word is properly *bon pere* (a clerical toast). Who can doubt, then, that in settling down into *bumper* those two words were under the influence of a false analogy? On the other hand, consider such words as *slime*, *slide*, *sly*, *slink*; *crash*, *crush*; *gash*, *gush*, *rush*; *crack*, *smack*, *whack*; &c. All these by their correspondence receive a certain force of meaning beyond the control of their etymologies. For instance, the first of them, *slime*—without its etymology in any degree justifying the impression—receives an involuntary connection in our minds with something of a *sliding*, *slippy* nature, merely from the accident of their common initials. So, if I hear of a *sly* man, association, in a sort of obscure under-tone, seems to whisper me something of *sliding*, and *slinking*, and *slipping away*, and so throws a colour over the idea more than it ought to have. I do not wish that these should be considered as examples, but only as hints of my meaning. In short, this inquiry into the nature and operation of false analogy would make a separate work of itself; nor could it be handled in a manner worthy of its importance and interest except by being made the central object. I am inclined to think it would form the most curious, perhaps the most instructive, chapter in philology.

trate this position as I should desire, and rather refrain altogether from examples than spoil the question by producing weak ones. But I am sure it is hardly necessary, for to the philological reader his learning and his own experience will equally suggest matter in evidence. Let him examine his mind as to his notions of the precise meaning of particular words—of almost any words,—and he will find that they take strange and secret tones of colour, out of sight of his ordinary perceptions, from all sorts of remote and subtle analogies in sound and sense; he will detect himself in the act of forming wilful and unauthorized combinations of words and ideas under the influence of causes which he hardly discerns; he will feel conscious that an unseen wind of misdirection is for ever pushing him aside; in short, he will find the spirit of *false analogy*—that agent of mischief in all human affairs (for what is prejudice—what is intolerance—and the mind's habitual injustice, but a concretion of false analogies?) entering into all his discourse—perverting his expressions—warping his very thoughts from their bent.

If the philologists have never duly calculated the force of this principle in its bearing on language, the fault is not theirs; it is incalculable. Astronomers cannot compute with accuracy the periods of a comet, for they know not what bodies may lie about his path in those regions of space that are beyond their sight, and they have therefore no means of determining the sum of his distraction. Neither then can we more than guess at the course of those words which, comet-like, come to us dwindled and spent from the mouth of a remote age; we never can truly account for their appearance, because we can never know a hundredth part of the accidents that have befallen them, or the causes of disturbance they have met with.

THE DAMES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Air—The Old English Gentleman.

The following pathetic poem was discovered among the posthumous papers of the late Anthony Antiquarius, Esquire, who died of a violent attack of *Bas-bleu-phobia*, occasioned, it is said, by a bite from a lady in a rabid state, whose disorder had taken the awful turn called Political Economy.

I'll sing you a song to-night—a song of the good old days—
Of the fair and stately dames of old, and all their ancient ways;
When cookery books alone were read, and she won greatest praise
Who could with fair and dexterous hands a pie-crust highest raise.
They were fair and thrifty housewives then—the dames of olden time.

And when old snow-clad Christmas came, to end the closing year,
How joyously each noble dame set forth her Christmas cheer;
Amid mince-pies, and roasts and fries—goose, turkey, fish, and deer,
Each country gentleman's good wife moved in her proper sphere,
Like fair and thrifty housewives all—the dames of olden time.

And then the dress of olden times! it seems forgotten quite—
The graceful train, the rich brocade that e'en would stand upright;
The Brussels ruffles, drooping low; the waist so long and slight;
The spangled and embroidered shoe, with heel of wondrous height;
They are all, all passed away, with the dames of olden time.

Instead of cookery books and pies, of trains and high-heeled shoes,
We've now some dozen foreign tongues, and bustles, and "bas bleus;"

Our modern ladies scorn to study reasoning and ragouts;
Politicians and astronomers have far more lofty views
Than the fair and simple housewives of the merry olden time.

Our recreations e'en are changed;—the good old country dance—
No more may its far lengthened lines on modern eyes advance!
The cold, coquettish, prim quadrille—the gallopade of France,
With Germany's wild, whirling waltz, our giddy heads entrance;
No more majestic minuets—no dames of olden time.

Now, though all this may be "reform," 'tis far from good or wise;
And much more happy should we be if dames made shirts and pies,
Instead of scribbling odes and songs to love and butterflies,
And digging up queer fossils to astonish vulgar eyes,
Unlike the fair good housewives of the simple olden time.

I hate the cupboards crammed with trash,—tooth-skeleton, and bone;
Here a fish's tail in lime—there, a goose's head in stone,
Where cordial, jam, and pickle once in goodly order shone:
My powdered locks grew thickly then, but ah!—those days are flown,
And with them all the housewifery of bonny olden times.

Ye beauteous dames of England, give up these mad-brained ways,
No more with Greek and Hebrew lore your pretty noddles craze;
Shun crucible, and eke retort—seek no poetic bays,
But spin and sew, knit, cook, and brew, as in the golden days,
When British dames were housewives good—alas! the olden times!

[From "Poems by Louisa Twalmy,"—a young writer of great vivacity and promise. The graceful designs and etchings by herself, with which the book is adorned, have been already noticed in our JOURNAL.—ED.]

THE WEEK.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF EMINENT MEN.

COLONEL HUTCHINSON.

COLONEL HUTCHINSON was born of a gentle family, originally from Yorkshire; but his immediate predecessors owned a moderate estate at Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire, and another distant a mile or two, at Cropwell. Hutchinson was a most accomplished gentleman, and a truly honest man; from principle he took part with the Parliament in the civil wars, and was appointed governor of Nottingham Castle. He was one of those who signed the warrant for King Charles's death; which he did with great unwillingness, praying to heaven that his judgment might be directed in the best course. He ultimately signed it, because he felt convinced from Charles's behaviour, that his uncontrollable wilfulness would be the destruction of every thing it found to thwart it. At the Restoration, Hutchinson was pardoned; but, with a meanness that disgraced the gallant pretensions of the opposite party, was banished about from prison to prison, till he was at length worn out with anxiety and confinement. His mild and gentle nature held on till the last, and his death-look was such as he wore "when pleased" in life. In all the chances and crosses of the world, he had borne himself honorably, alike to his wisdom, and his heart. He was faithful, and most scrupulously conscientious, as a servant; indulgent, but firm and active as a leader; consider-

ate and generous as a master; most affectionate in the nearest relations.

The following portrait of him is drawn by the hand of his widow, an accomplished lady whom he became attached to before he saw her, from mere report of her excellent qualities, and lived with many years in happiness. If it appear panegyrical, it must be remembered that the history of his life affords deeds that give evidence to the words of his describer. The engraving at the beginning of the volume, a half-length portrait, in complete armour, is another testimony, as far as it goes, of her exactness.

"He was of a middle stature, of a slender and exactly well-proportioned shape in all parts, his complexion fair, his hair of a light brown, very thick-set in his youth, softer than the finest silk, curling into loose great rings at the ends, his eyes of a lively grey, well-shaped and full of life and vigour, graced with many becoming motions, his visage thinne, his mouth well made, and his lipps very ruddy and gracefull, although the nether chap shut over the upper, yett it was in such a manner as was not unbecoming; his teeth were even, and white as the purest ivory, his chin was something long, and the mold of his face, his forehead was not very high, his nose was rays'd and sharpe, but with all he had a most amiable countenance, which carried in it something of magnanimity and majesty mixt with sweetnesse, that at the same time bespoke love and awe in all that saw him; his skin was smooth and white, his legs and feet excellently well made, he was quick in his pace and turnes, nimble and active and gracefull in all his motions, he was apt for any bodily exercise, and any that he did became him; he could dance admirably, but neither in youth nor riper years made any practise of it, he had skill in fencing such as became a gentleman, he had a greare love to musick, and often diverted himself with a viol, on which he played masterly, he had an exact eare and judgement in other musick, he shott excellently in bowes and gunns, and much use'd them for his exercise, he had greate judgement in paintings, graving, sculpture, and all liberal arts, and had many curiosities of value in all kinds, he took greate delight in perspective glasses, and for his other rarities was not so much affected with the antiquity as the merit of the worke—he tooke much pleasure in the empvrement of grounds, in planting groves and walks, and fruite-trees, in opening springs and making fish-ponds; of country recreations he loved none but hawking, and in that was very eager and much delighted for the time he used it, but soone left it off; he was wonderfull neate, cleanly and gentle in his habitt, and had a very good fancy in it, but he left off very early the wearing of anthing that was costly, yett, in his plainest negligent habitt appeared very much a gentleman; he had more address than force of body, yet the courage of his soule so supplied his members, that he never wanted strength when he found occasion to employ it; his conversation was very pleasant, for he was naturally chearfull, had a ready witt and apprehension; for he was eager in every thing he did, earnest in dispute, but withal very rational, so that he was seldom overcome, every thing that was necessary for him to doe he did with delight, free and unconstrained, he hated ceremonious compleint, but yett had a naturall civillity and complaisance to all people, he was of a tender constitution, but through the vivacity of his spiritt could undergo labours, watchings, and iourneys, as well as any of stronger compositions; he was rheumatick, and had a long sicknesse and distemper occasion'd thereby two or three yeares after the warre ended, but else for the latter half of his life was healthy tho' tender, in his youth and childhood he was sickly, much troubled with weaknesse and tooth akes, but then his spirits carried him through them; he was very patient under sicknesse or paine or any common accidnts.

"His whole life was the rule of temperance in meat, drinke, apparell, pleasure, and all those things that may be lawfully enjoy'd, and herein his temperance was more excellent then in others, in whom it is not so much a vertue, but proceeds from want of appetite or gust of pleasure; in him it was a true, wise and religious governement of the desire and delight he took in the things he enjoyed. He had a certein activity of spiritt which could never endure idleness either in himselfe or others, and that made him eager for the time he indulged it as well in pleasure as in business; indeed, though in his youth he exercised innocent sports a little while, yet afterwards his businesse was his pleasure; but how intent soever he were in anthing, how much soever it delighted him, he could freely and easily cast it away when God called him to something else. He had as much modesty as could consist with a true virtuous assurance, and hated an impudent person. Neither in youth nor riper age could the most fair or enticing woman ever draw him so much as into unnecessary familiarity or vain converse or dalliance with them, yet he despised nothing of the female sex but their follies and vanities; wise and virtuous women he

loved, and delighted in all pure, holy, and blameable conversation with them, but so as never to excite scandal or temptation. Scurrilous discourse even among men he abhorred, and though he sometimes took pleasure in wit and mirth, yett that which was mixt with impurity he never would endure. The heats of his youth a little inclined him to the passion of anger, and the goodness of his nature to those of love and grief, but reason was never dethroned by them, but continued governess, and moderator in his soul.

FINE ARTS.

Brydges's Milton. Vol. IV. Macrone.

The fourth volume, out of the six that are to complete the work, has now appeared. We regret that so handsome a book should be so unfortunate in its illustrations. The likeness of Milton, when young, after Cornelius Jerusen, according to our recollection, hardly conveys the delicacy of the original. The "Temptation on the Mountain" is anything but seductive. The tempter, one of Cruikshank's imps, is perched on a bit of crag, holding forth with his arm extended, to a figure standing behind him on a plane, elevated at an angle which Humboldt has found to be impossible,—upon the merits of a scene very like a bird's eye view at the corner of a map. The effect of sunshine is the best we have seen in so small a drawing; but it is an attempt never crowned with perfect success, though so often tried. —

A History of British Fishes. By William Yarrell.
Part VII. J. Van Voorst.

A NUMBER well crammed with cuts. Some parts of our impression have scarcely come so happily through the press as others, as the cut in the Part, and the Ferry at page 290. The Poacher, at page 310, and a few other of the vignettes, we fancy are a little coarser and heavier than usual. The majority, however, we have no doubt about; they are as fine, soft, delicate,—as sharp and vigorous, as ever: witness the Rainbow Wrasse, the Gold Finny, the Gold Carp, and all his congeners. The lady so very inappropriately employed at page 324, and the curious union implied, of gallantry and want of feeling, is not a pleasant object, though, we fear, too real a sight to be excluded from the general commentary of the illustrator.

EPITAPH

On a monument erected in St Philip's church-yard, Birmingham, to the memory of JOHN HEAPE, an architectural carver, who was killed by accident while engaged in raising the roof of the town-hall. The following lines were hastily written, at the request of Mr Hansom, the architect of that magnificent building. The tomb is surmounted by the segment of a column, being the last work of the deceased.

Why should the monumental tribute rise
Alone where grandeur's mould'ring remnant lies;
Or why the sculptured mockery of woe
Claim pity's tear for worthless dust below,—
Whose unregarded grave had been forgot,
But for the costly tomb that marks the spot?—
Far other feelings raised this humbler shrine,
Far holier thoughts inspir'd the simple line
That fair would tell, with sad and grateful pride,
The mind, worth, enterprise of him who died;
Who clos'd a valued, just, but brief career;
Led by the love of science to his bier;
And wrought, as though prophetic of his doom,
The touching emblem that surmounts his tomb.

TABLE TALK.

The old couplet is certainly erroneous, which says,—

"Turkies, carp, hogs, pickerell, and beer,
Came into England all in one year."

Pike or pickerell were the subject of legal regulations in the reign of Edward the First. Carp are mentioned in the Boke of St Alban's, printed in 1496; turkies and hogs were unknown till 1528, previous to which, wormwood and other bitter plants were used to preserve beer; and the parliament in 1528 petitioned against hogs, as a wicked weed. Beer was licensed for exportation by Henry the Seventh, in 1492, and an excise on beer existed as early as 1284, also in the reign of Edward the First.—Yarrell's *History of British Fishes*.

NEW CLIMAX TO ROMANTIC DISTRESSSES.

Mr Moore had the peculiarity of marrying the sister of his first wife, and on this occasion was much tormented by a prosecution in Doctors' Commons. During the pending of this, as he was sitting with his proctor one evening, he by way of amusement read to him the first four acts of his "Gammer," which he was then writing, and which had such an effect on the proctor, that he exclaimed—"Good God, Mr Moore, you have worked up this young couple's distresses so much already, that I can't conceive what you can do with them in the fifth act."—"Oh," says Mr Moore very gravely, "you must assist me in that, for I intend to put them both in the *Spiritual Court*."

THE AGE OF Maturity THE ONLY ONE THAT ADMITS OF EXTENSION.

From these statements, then, it is obvious, that from the termination of infancy at three years of age, a decade of years brings childhood to a close, during which the mortality steadily decreasing comes to a minimum. Another decade terminates the period of adolescence, during which the mortality steadily advances. A third decade changes the young adult into a perfect man, and during this period, the golden decade of human life, the mortality again diminishes; while, during another decade and a half, the mortality slowly rises, and returns at the close of the period, to the precise point at which it stood at adult age. Thus the interval between the period of birth and that of adult age, includes a term of twenty-three years. The interval between the period of adult age, and that when life just begins to decline from its meridian, includes a term of twenty-four years; consequently a period more than equal to all the other epochs of life from birth to adult age is enjoyed, during which mortality makes no advance whatever. Now the term of years included in the several epochs that intervene between birth and adult age is rigidly fixed. Thus the period of infancy includes precisely three years, that of childhood ten years, and that of adolescence ten years. Within the space of time comprehended in these intervals, physiological changes take place, on which depend every thing that is peculiar to the epochs. These changes cannot be anticipated, cannot be retarded, except in a very slight degree. In all countries, among all classes, they take place in the same order, and nearly in the same space of time. In like manner, in extreme old age, or the age of decrepitude, which may be safely assumed to commence at the period when the mortality equals that of the first year of infancy, namely, the age of eighty-four, physiological changes take place, which, within a given space of time, inevitably bring life to a close. That space of time, in all countries, in all ranks, in all ages, or rather as far back as any records enable us to trace the facts, appears to be the same. As within a given time the boy must ripen into manhood, so within a given time the man of extreme old age must be the victim of death. Consequently, it is the interval between the adult age and the age of decrepitude, and only this, that is capable of extension. During the interval between the adult age and the perfect meridian of life, comprehending at present, as we have seen, a period of twenty-four years, the constitution remains stationary, mortality makes no sensible inroad upon it. But there is no known reason why this stationary or mature period of life should, like the determinate epochs, be limited to a fixed term of years. On the contrary, we do, in fact, know that it is not fixed; for we know that the physiological changes on which age depends are, in some cases, greatly anticipated, and, in others, proportionately postponed; so that some persons are younger at sixty, and even at seventy, than others are at fifty; whereas, an analogous anticipation or postponement of the other epochs of life is never witnessed. So complete is the proof, that the extension of human life can consist in the protraction neither of the period of juvenility, nor that of senility, but only in that of maturity.—Dr Southwood Smith's *Philosophy of Health*.

MADAME DE BRISAC.

Monsieur de Brissac, though old, ugly, and a little crooked, was the best of men, polite, amiable, and inoffensive. Although Madame de Brissac did not belong to the household, it is impossible to pass her over in speaking of those who did, because she was more about Madame than any one of us. She came every evening to join the party with M. Clement de Ris, M. Carabianca, M. Chollet, and two or three more old senators, whose portraits, under the semblance of emulated tapestry, haunted my dreams, after sitting a whole evening in Madame's saloon, looking at and listening to them, from six o'clock till eleven, or even midnight. Well, Madame de Brissac, with all her wit—for she had much, though perhaps less than her sister, the Princess of Rohan-Rochefort, played with these old-fashioned perukes with as natural a smile as if she had been really amused. She was a very singular woman; she had never been pretty, her height was about four feet and a half, and her figure not quite straight, notwithstanding which she was as coquettish in her dress as I could be at twenty years of age; and was as much in love with her husband as one may be supposed to be in the spring-tide of life. He had, however, been

false to her. While only a child, he had fallen in love with Mademoiselle de Rothelin; another beauty fell in his way, and he abandoned her. "Then how did you become his wife?" said I to her one day, when she was relating to me the history of her love to M. de Brissac. "Only because I waited patiently, and the other died," she replied, with an air of triumphant simplicity, and a truly comic expression of countenance which I shall never forget. She was extremely deaf; and on the occasion of her presentation to the Emperor was most anxious to be informed what questions he would answer and what she ought to answer. She was told the Emperor almost always inquired what department a person came from? how old they were? and how many children they might have? Doubting her ear, which the agitation of the moment might render even unusually treacherous, she determined to be prepared beforehand for each of these questions in the order in which they had been stated to her. The day of presentation arrived; Madame de Brissac made her three curtesies to the Emperor, who, having laid down no law to himself to ask precisely the same questions of all the extraordinary faces which appeared before him, said rapidly to her: "Is your husband brother to the Duke of Brissac, who was killed on the 2nd of September? And did he not inherit his estates?"—"Seine and Oise, Sire," was the answer; and though an odd one, not very wide of the mark, for M. de Brissac really inherited property in that department. The Emperor, however, struck by its incoherence, looked at her with some surprise as he continued: "I believe you have no children?"—"Fifty-two, Sire," said she, with the same amiable and benevolent smile as before, never doubting but the Emperor had inquired her age. Napoleon by this time was satisfied that Madame de Brissac was hard of hearing, and without further observation continued his tour of the circle.—*French Memoirs*. (We have mislaid the reference to the book.)

FISHES INDEPENDENT OF THE THERMOMETER.

Desfontaines found a *sparus* of Lacépède, the *chromis* of Cuvier, in the hot waters of Cafra, in Barbary, in which Reaumur's thermometer rose to 30 degrees, equal to thirty-six of Fahrenheit. Shaw saw small fishes of the mullet and perch kind in these springs. Saussure, speaking of the hot springs of Aix in Savoy, says: "I have frequently examined the temperature of these waters at different seasons, and have always found it very nearly alike (about 113 Fahr.). Notwithstanding the heat of these waters, living animals are found in the basins which receive them. I saw in them eels, rotifera, and infusoria, in 1790."—"At Feriana, the ancient Thala," says Bruce, "are baths of warm water without the town: in these were a number of fish, about four inches in length, not unlike gudgeons. Upon trying the heat by the thermometer, I remember to have been much surprised that they could have existed, or even not have been boiled, by continuing so long in the heat of this medium." The facts mentioned by Sonnerat, and other travellers, induced Broussonet to make some experiments on the degree of heat which river fish are capable of enduring. The details of the degrees of heat are not stated, but many species lived for several days in water which was so hot that the hand could not be retained in it for a single minute. In the thermal springs of Bahia in Brazil, many small fishes were seen swimming in a rivulet which raises the thermometer eleven and a half degrees above the temperature of the air.—Humboldt and Bonpland, when travelling in South America, perceived fishes thrown up alive, and apparently in health, from the bottom of a volcano, in the course of its explosions, along with water and heated vapour, that raised the thermometer to two hundred and ten degrees, being but two degrees below the boiling point.—The power of fishes to sustain a low temperature is equally extraordinary; for that these, says John Hunter, in his "Animal Economy," after being frozen, still retain so much of life as, when thawed, to resume their vital actions, is a fact so well attested that we are bound to believe it.—Perch have been frozen, and in this condition transported for miles. If, when in this state, fishes are placed in water near a fire, they soon begin to exhibit signs of re-animation; the fins quiver, the gills open, the fish gradually turns itself on its belly, and moves slowly round the vessel, till at length, completely revived, it swims briskly about.—*Yarrell's British Fishes*.

CATO'S PRESCRIPTION FOR AN INJURED LIME.

A great part of the work of Cato (on Rural Economy) is more appropriate to the housewife than the farmer. We have receipts for making all sorts of cakes and puddings, fattening hens and geese, preserving figs during winter; as also medical prescriptions for the cure of medical diseases, both of man and beast. Sometimes, however, his cures for diseases are not medical recipes, but sacrifices, atonements, or charms. The prime of all is his remedy for a laxation or fracture.—"Take," says he, "a green reed, and slit it along the middle—throw the knife upwards, and join the two parts of the reed again, and tie it on to the place broken or disjoined, and say this charm—"Daries, Dardaries, Astataries, Dissunapiter." Or this—"Huat, Haust, Huat, Ista, Pista, Fista, Domiabo, Damnaustra."

THE PRINTING MACHINE.

ISOMETRICAL DRAWING.

A Treatise on Isometrical Drawing, &c. &c. By T. Sopwith, Land and Mine Surveyor. In 8vo. With Thirty-four Engravings.

HAD the author contented himself with laying down the principles, and showing the practical application of Isometrical Drawing, limiting it to its proper sphere, we should not have disputed either the utility of that mode of representation, or the serviceableness of his work in teaching it; whereas, by claiming for it so very much more than it is fairly entitled to—by striving, in fact, to make it appear that this species of drawing combines the advantages, while it is free from the deficiencies, of both orthographical and perspective projection, he leads us to expect from it a vast deal more than it can possibly accomplish. We are of opinion, therefore, that so far from doing him or his book any disservice by correcting such notions of Isometrical delineation, we are preventing the dissatisfaction now likely to be occasioned, when promises are made on its behalf, which it is utterly impossible it should fulfil. Nay, it must be admitted that Mr Sopwith himself has, although undesignedly, corrected the fallacious ideas he labours to impress upon us, the exemplification given in his own plates showing very forcibly, at a glance, how very far such drawing falls short of what it is pretended can be done by it.

To very little purpose is it he assures us that Isometrical drawing is capable of representing all the objects in a view with "great pictorial force and beauty," when the views he actually shows must convince every one of the contrary. It is only comparatively, with reference to the usual kind of plans, that such representations have any pretension to be termed pictorial, since, in comparison with pictures, they are the most anti-picturesque things conceivable, —not a degree better than the landscapes we see on china tea-cups. In fact, Isometrical perspective must be of greater antiquity than Mr Sopwith seems to suspect, it having been so long in use among the Chinese, although, like M. Jourdain and his prose, that nation may not have been aware what it was they were practising.

If we indulge in a little banter upon the occasion, the author must forgive us, since the earnestness with which he oftener than once insists upon the recommendations Isometrical drawing possesses for those who occupy themselves 'with the pencil only as an amusement, appears to us quite misplaced and mistaken; whilst it also forces the matter itself directly upon our notice. In fact, that which constitutes its real utility, eminently unfit it for any such purpose. It is capable of giving an exact representation of buildings and grounds as they would appear in a model; but most assuredly not as they would be beheld in a view, or as any person of the least taste would wish to delineate them in a picture. Consequently, the facility of the process is, so far, not at all in its favour: its being reduced to a mere mechanical operation is not likely to render it particularly amusing. Mr S. seems, moreover, to have overlooked one indispensable requisite, which is, that an accurate plan of the whole site, together with elevations of the buildings, and the heights of all objects intended to be shown, must be first obtained, before the Isometrical draught can be made. How, therefore, "ladies" can execute "landscape and garden views, &c. in an easy and correct manner," by means of Isometry, we must confess we do not perceive. In our opinion, it would have been more *correct* on the part of the author, had he said that the land-surveyor is thus enabled to exhibit the form and appearance of grounds, their inequalities of surface, their different levels, the buildings and other objects, at the same time that heights and distances may be measured as in plans and elevations. Herein consists the positive, and, we may add, the sole advantages of this mode of drawing, which we suspect to be the same as that for which Mr Horner some

years ago claimed attention, under the title of "a pictorial mode of showing maps of estates, &c." After all, too, such a mode can never entirely accomplish all it professes to do, or answer every purpose of a plan, because taller objects must inevitably conceal lower ones. Let us suppose, for instance, an Isometrical drawing in which there is a house forty feet high; it follows of course that the same width of ground behind the house will be concealed; so that let whatever may be situated there, it cannot be indicated at all, although it would show itself in a common plan. And here we may observe, that, wherever it should be considered desirable to do so, an orthographical plan might be made to convey a sufficiently clear idea of the heights of buildings, inequalities in the surface of the ground, &c., by projecting their shadows at an angle of 45°, as is done in elevations. Thus whatever the height of a building was, the same would be the extent of its shadow cast upon the ground,—supposing it to stand upon a level (which would appear from the other parts of the map); or if not, it would be altered accordingly. In such plans the roofs of buildings would be shown orthographically, and they, and all other objects, tinted with their natural colours, and with all their lights and shades, would produce a picture every part of which would be seen as if immediately beneath the eye.

Having thus unreservedly expressed our opinion in regard to a point of some moment, we can conscientiously recommend the work as exceedingly well deserving the attention of those engaged in making geological or other surveys. They can hardly fail to derive much practical information of one kind or another from it, in addition to the full instructions it gives on the subject of Isometrical Projection and Drawing. The principles and the practical applications of them are so clearly explained, that in a very short time any one may render himself a proficient in them. This is no ordinary merit; for in treating of their own particular science, writers are not uniformly disposed to render it so perspicuous as they might do, or to dispel the mystery that may hang about it. Mr Sopwith, on the contrary, evidently wishes to communicate the fruits of his own practice and experience; accordingly much is to be gained from his book; and we make no doubt that the number of those who will really find it useful, will be sufficient to meet his expectations of encouragement, without his looking for it among those other classes whom he is so eager to impress with a high sense of the value of Isometrical Drawing as an amusement and an accomplishment.

BIRD'S POEMS.

The Emigrant's Tale, a Poem, in Two Parts; and Miscellaneous Poems; by James Bird. Second Edition, 8vo. London: Baldwin and Cradock, 1835. Pp. 200.

Mr BIRD, though his various publications have, we believe, had their chief circulation in the country, is probably known to many of our readers as one of the most prolific poetical writers of the day. Besides the present volume, he has produced 'The Vale of Slaughden,' a poem in five cantos; 'Machin, or the Discovery of Madeira,' a poem in four cantos; 'Dunwich: a Tale of the Splendid City,' in four cantos; 'Framlingham, a Narrative of the Castle,' a poem in four cantos; 'Cosmo, Duke of Tuscany,' a tragedy in five acts; and a volume containing 'Poetical Memoirs,' with 'the Exile,' a tale. With the exception of the tragedy, and the poems entitled 'Dunwich' and 'Framlingham,' all these works appear to have reached second editions.

As might be supposed from this large amount of performance, Mr Bird's facility of composition is very great. It is so great, indeed, as to interfere considerably with his attainment of concentration and force of style, without which, in poetry especially,

the highest effects never can be produced. With a more fastidious and selecting taste, although he might write less, he would write better. He is not, however, a slovenly or careless writer, in respect either of versification or of the common proprieties of style. On the contrary, both his verse and his grammar are in general perfectly smooth and correct. His narrative also flows on with much ease and freedom, and his descriptive passages are both clear and natural. Altogether, his mind appears to see very distinctly whatever it does perceive. What he chiefly wants are fancy and imagination. To compensate for these deficiencies, however, in some degree, his poems show very considerable sensibility, and their moral spirit throughout is excellent. They are not creations which will dazzle or stir the mind of the age; but we do not doubt, for all that, that they may give much pleasure to a large class of such readers as any writer ought to be happy to be able to amuse and gratify. Believers as we are in the essentially purifying and humanizing influences of the poetical spirit and taste, we cannot but rejoice to find such simple rills of song as we have here springing out in the remote places of our land, and, although little heard by the crowd, yet, as they flow murmuringly along, each refreshing, and gladdening, and enriching its own little region of the popular heart and intellect.

The longest poem in the present volume—'the Emigrant's Tale'—has considerable interest as a story, although we must confess that the principal point of the story is not made very probable. The following passage may serve as a specimen of the author's skill in the delineation of manners and character:—

Our village Pedagogue was one, whose race
Is now extinct:—the grandeur of his face
Was like the ancient Roman's, wisely stern,
He did not teach, but ordered us to learn!
In all the solemn labour of his school,
He thought, and looked, and moved, and spoke by
rule,

And, as he shook his learned head, and cast
His eye around, that threatened as it past,
Each glance was measured, every shake so true,
That e'en the motion of his ponderous queue
Seemed like a formal pendulum of lead,
To time the mental clock-work of his head!
Six feet his stature, as an arrow strait,
Firm and unbending his majestic gait,
Yet, though he would not stoop to Lords or Dons,
He often stooped to flog his truant ones!
Whether to show his learning, or his wit,
I know not, but he sometimes let me sit
Three tedious weeks, lorn, prosing o'er my slate,
Without one hint my dullness to abate;
He taught me not to add, subtract, divide,
At length, perchance, the idler to deride,
While he my gloomy incubation watched,
Would ask, contemptuous, "Has the goose not
hatched?"

Thou hast been sitting three full weeks in vain,
And still no offspring from thy dreamy brain!—
Hast thou not found the sum's right quotient yet?—"No, Sir!" I drawled, "the Rule, Sir, I forgot."
—"What! after all I've told you!—after all!
RULE—Write the numbers—let points decimal
Stand in a line directly under each:
How plain to learn, when I so clearly teach!
Know, Boy, that decimals are different quite,
Some are *interminate*, and some *finite*,
Some *single repetends*—some *circulate*.
"Tis twelve o'clock, Boy—put away your slate!"

Such was the man to teach my youthful mind
The wealth of knowledge, and the truth to find;
Such was the man true wisdom to impart,
To lead the intellect, to form the heart!
Such was the man, who, at my Father's board
Dined twice a year, and, from his brain, ill-stored,
Quoted with pride—methinks I hear him speak—
Three scraps of barbarous Latin, four of Greek,
Which made my Father stare, my Mother sigh,
And wish her Son just such a prodigy!

We add, as a specimen of his descriptive powers, the following picture of the sublimities of Canadian scenery:—

I see around me nature's beauties rise,
The echoing woodlands and the genial skies,
I hear the bird's soft music in the brake,
The sounding waterfall, the murmuring Lake,

Whose ample bosom swelling to the breeze
Mocks the small space of European Seas !
Before me spreads the forest-shade, whose bound
No eye hath seen, no human footstep found ;
And when the warm effulgence of the year
Glowes o'er the woods, the autumn's tints appear
In hues unnumbered, decking leaf and stem,
Each tree a picture, every leaf a gem.
Ruby and amethyst, and gold, that shine
Bright in the sunbeams, while the sombre pine
Stands sternly great amid the leafy host,
Unchanged by summer's heat, by winter's frost,
O'er all he towers magnificent, and reigns
Undying Monarch of the woods and plains !
And here, sweet summer, by her long delay,
Drives Night's dull shadow by her smiles away,
For, when the sun has vanished from our sphere,
No darkness comes to make his absence drear,
The stars crowd o'er the face of Heaven, all bright,
The cloudless moon decks earth with radiant light,
The fire-fly sparkles in the woods—o'er there
Darkness is shamed, and struggles in despair !

On the whole, we think Mr Bird, were he to take sufficient pains, could write a good deal better than he has yet done. Some of his lines in this poem, he must allow us to say, are more curiously prosaic than almost anything we recollect having ever before met with in the shape of verse. For instance, in one of the passages we have just quoted, the expression—"the *mental* clock-work of his head"—is not only unpoetical but anti-poetical: the epithet, though it may improve the prosody, has much the same effect that a great wooden wedge would have thrust through the heart of a picture on canvas, with the object of stretching it out so as to make it fit its frame. Still beyond this, if possible, is the intense prose of another epithet in a line which occurs some pages afterwards :—

Yet her fair sister, Plenty, strange to say,
Had thrown her emblematic horn away.

Her emblematic horn ! What can Mr Bird mean ? No doubt the horn was emblematic; but who wants to be reminded of that now ? Has our author ever played at Hide and Seek ? If he has, how would he have liked to have had the game spoilt by some unimaginative looker-on, when the excitement was at the highest, gravely proclaiming aloud where the hider had taken refuge ? Or, does he ever go to the play ? And does he think it would heighten the effect, if Macbeth at the banquet, or Richard on Bosworth Field, were ever and anon to turn round to the spectators, and to inform them that the whole representation was mere pretence — nothing more than a touch of the emblematical, if it might be so expressed ? Really, truths of this kind should be kept for encyclopedias and classical dictionaries; they are only so much dirty water thrown upon the fire and flame of poetry. On the other hand, however, we must caution Mr Bird against too bold a flight in the "heaven of invention." There is one original figure in the present poem, and it is certainly the strangest we ever encountered. What does the reader think, or what can he make, of Reason being called, of all things in nature, "the soul's Pompeii" ? "Then burst," says Mr Bird, speaking of the breaking out of the war between France and England at the time of the French Revolution,—

Then burst the dread volcano of mankind,
Then rushed the scorching lava of the mind, &c.,
Till, 'mid the tumult and the wild uproar,
Reason, the soul's Pompeii, was no more.

Our author's "Pompeii" could hardly have been in its usual sober state when he struck out this odd fancy.

Several of the minor pieces in the volume, we ought to add, are very creditable to Mr Bird's Muse, though, we confess, we do not so much admire those of them in which the stanza and manner provoke a comparison with "Don Juan." On the whole, we part with him with much respect and regard, and have great pleasure in recommending his verses to all who love in poetry the sunshine and warmth of a cheerful and benevolent heart.

TRAVELS IN PERSIA.

Uncle Oliver's Travels.—Persia. Vol. I. Illustrated with 12 Engravings. London. Pp. 304. Price 3s.

This little volume is intended to form a part of a series of works for the use of young persons. The style adopted, therefore, is familiar and conversational; the leading personage being a certain sexagenarian of the name of "Uncle Oliver," who details to a happy and attentive family party what he has himself seen, or heard of, respecting foreign lands, and who answers all the interrogatories of the "tarry-at-home" travellers with the suavity and benevolent feeling characteristic of kind-hearted and "garrulous old age." The book, however, is not a mere compilation. The author has actually visited the country which he describes, and his narrations of personal adventures are authenticated by the fact of his having actually been engaged in many of the scenes related.

The following is "Uncle Oliver's account of himself."—It is amusing and characteristic :—

"I am an old man; and when I am without my wig I look quite as old as I am. Many old gentlemen look ten or twenty years younger than they are; but it is not so with me—I am seventy-one, and I look seventy-one. The reason may be, that I have had many hardships to undergo and many troubles to bear, and hardships and troubles do not tend to make people look young."

"I ring my bell: [Enter John.] 'John, please to bring down my dressing-glass.—Very well; put it down on the opposite table.' Now, my readers, I have had the glass brought down to see how I look, that I may describe myself to you; because I am sure you will want to know, not only who 'Uncle Oliver' is, but what 'Uncle Oliver' looks like. Alas, alas ! where is the curly head my mother used to pat so often and so kindly ? I am old now, and wear a brown wig, made with the hair of other people, having but little hair left of my own, and that as white as snow; but I remember when all my head was covered with hair as black as the wing of a raven. My face is whitish-yellowish-brown all over, with not a bit of any other colour; and the flesh that is upon it hangs loose, and looks soft. Certainly I am an old man. I am rather tall, but not too tall; I am rather thin, but not too thin, considering how old I am. I stoop a little, but not much, in walking; and I make use of a stick with an ivory head: formerly, I used to have a gold head to my stick, but I had so many sticks stolen for the sake of the gold, that I was driven to ivory, and now I find ivory softer and more pleasant than gold. But though I use a stick, I walk firmly and rather quickly for my years; and, altogether, I feel little of the infirmities of age, except when I try to eat the crust of my toast, or to buckle my own shoes, and in other such small matters. I think that if I were met in the street on a summer's day, I might be taken for an aged clergyman or doctor. I wear black, with a white neckcloth, and a frill to my shirt; I have also small buckles at my knees and in my shoes; and I am seldom seen without a rose, or a sprig of geranium or mignonette in my button-hole."

"Now I hope I have so drawn my picture that the reader thinks he should know me if he were to meet with me; and if he does meet with me, let him speak to me—let him call me 'Uncle Oliver'; then I shall know that he has read this book, and that he knows me; and I shall not then fail to speak to him and shake him by the hand."

The following extract refers to the optical illusion termed "the seraub."

"We must not leave the deserts without considering that very remarkable appearance which is so frequently observed in them, and which in the east is called the *Seraub*. Europeans call it the *mirage*. This seraub—

"H. But, sir, what does the word mean ?

"U. O. 'The water of the desert.' It is, however, not really water, but the appearance of water. As it is seen most generally in the hot deserts, where there is really no water, and where water would be the greatest of blessings, there can hardly be a more distressing illusion than this. Only suppose a man riding in the desert, where he has not seen any water for a long time, and is perhaps in such an agony of thirst that he would willingly give his right arm for a cup of cool water. Think, then, how delighted he must be to see a fine lake of water spread out before him. Oh, with what joy and desire he hastens to it to quench his raging thirst and cool his parched skin ! But as he comes to it, it goes from him. He cannot overtake it; and at last it vanishes away, and sometimes appears again at a distance beyond; or, if he looks behind him, he may see that he has passed through what always seemed before him until he had passed it. It was but a vapour lying on the ground; and when the poor traveller finds this out, he becomes a thousand times more thirsty than before, from mere disappointment.

"F. Did this ever happen to you, dear uncle ?

"U. O. Many times; and except the distresses which rend the heart, I know no distress like this.

"H. But is it so exactly like water ?

"U. O. So exactly, that I think no person who sees it in a road he never travelled before can fail to take it for real water. In the Koran, which is the holy book of the Mohamedans, the *Seraub* is thus strikingly mentioned:—'But as to the unbelievers, their works are like a vapour in a plain, which the thirsty traveller thinketh to be water, until, when he cometh thereto, he findeth it to be nothing.'

"H. Is it a vapour then ?

"U. O. Some writers describe it as a thin mist or vapour spread over the surface of the ground. As soon as a person learns that it is not water, this would certainly be his first impression; but I think those best account for it who say that it is occasioned by the circumstance, that the air near the ground being made less compact than the rest of the air, by the heat of the sand, produces a difference to the eye which the traveller can only account for by supposing it to be water. This appearance does not rise many feet above the ground, and is sometimes so very low, that I have seen the lower parts of the houses and trees in villages hidden by it, while the upper parts were clearly seen—the whole having the appearance as if the place had been overflowed, and a lake formed in the midst of the village. If the traveller stands at a height much above that of the mirage, the apparent water does not seem so compact and deep. This is because the appearance, being merely an optical illusion, must needs vary according to the point of view in which it is seen: or, as those say who describe the appearance as a vapour, it has not thickness enough, as the eye looks down upon it, to hide the ground which it covers: but if the observer is on a level with the *seraub* he cannot see through it, so that it appears to him clear water. Thus it happens generally that the illusion is very different to one who is upon a camel, and to another who is upon the ground.

"H. I dare say it must be much like water, since it deceives people so. But I think I should find it out if I saw it: because, Sir, I should look for the shadows of the trees and houses, and such things as one sees in real water.

"U. O. In the open deserts, where the *seraub* is most frequently seen, you might not always find anything to give a shadow; but if there were, you would see the shadows all the same in the vapour as in real water.

"H. Indeed !

"U. O. Yes: and it is this which chiefly deceives people into the belief that it is water. That you may not think it is only the ignorant and careless who can be deceived by it, I will read you Dr Clarke's description of the first *seraub* he ever saw. I have many times seen one under the same circumstances; but he describes it better than I can. Here is his description of the *mirage*:—

"We perceived the domes and turrets of Rosetta, apparently upon the opposite side of an immense lake or sea that covered all the intervening space between us and the city. Not having in my own mind at the time any doubt as to the certainty of its being water, and seeing the tall minarets and buildings of Rosetta, with all its groves of dates and sycamores as perfectly reflected by it as by a mirror, insomuch that even the minutest details of the architecture and of the trees might have been thence delineated, I applied to the Arabs to be informed in what manner we were to pass the water. Our interpreter, although a Greek, and therefore likely to have been informed of such a phenomenon, was as fully convinced as any of us that we were drawing near to the water's edge, and became indignant when the Arabs maintained that within an hour we should reach Rosetta by crossing the sands in the direct line we then pursued, and that there was no water. 'What?' said he, giving way to his impatience, 'do you suppose me an idiot to be persuaded contrary to the evidence of my senses ?' The Arabs smiling, soon satisfied him, and completely astonished the whole party, desiring us to look back upon the desert we had already passed, where we beheld a precisely similar appearance. It was, in fact, the *mirage*, a prodigy to which every one of us were then strangers, although it afterwards became more familiar. The view of it afforded us ideas of the horrible despondency to which travellers must sometimes be exposed, who, in traversing the interminable desert, destitute of water, and perishing with thirst, have sometimes this deceitful prospect before their eyes."

Perhaps in this first volume of Persia, there is rather too much of detail to be strongly attractive to young people. The author seems to have been aware of this, for he remarks in the Introduction:—"The first part speaks of the country. I fear it is not quite so entertaining as I hope to make the second part, which will describe the people and their customs." If the promised second part, however, is marked by the quiet benevolence and sympathy with the feelings and enjoyments of youth which pervade the first part, its appearance will be welcome; and the work may safely be put into the hands of those for whom it is intended, in the assurance that it will afford them amusement and instruction.

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